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Shoes, and all kinds of custom work.
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Main Street, Mexico, N. Y.

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Ready made Clothing, Hats, Caps,
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Nitrous oxide or laughing gas, for ex-
tracting teeth without pain, always on
hand. All work warranted at the low-
est living prices. Office over H. C.
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We are printing Manual Alphabet
Visiting or Calling Cards, of the
best quality, cheaper than any publishing
office in America. Your name neatly
printed on the reverse side, in stylish
type, and the cards sent by mail, post-
paid, on receipt of price, to any part of
the United States and Canada.

PRICE LIST:
25 Cards, with name, 25 cents.
50 " " " 50 "
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SUBSCRIBE for the DEAF-MUTES' JOUR-
NAL—only \$1.50 a year.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VIII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1879.

NUMBER 30.

POETRY.

PLEDGE TO THE DEAD.

William Winter's Poem, Read at the
Army of the Potomac Reunion at
Albany.

From the lily of love that uncloses
In the glow of a festival kiss;
On the wind that is heavy with roses
And shrill with the bugles of bliss,
It let float o'er the mystical ocean,
That breaks on the kingdom of night—
Our oath of eternal devotion
To the heroes who died for the right!

They loved, as we loved, yet they parted
From all that man's spirit can prize;
Left woman and child broken-hearted,
Staring up to the pitiless skies;
Left the tumult of youth, the rich gurdon
Hope promised to conquer from fate—
Gave all, for the agonized burden
Of death, for the flag and the State.

Where they roam on the slopes of the mountain,
That only by angels is trod;
Where they muse by the crystalline fountain,
That springs in the garden of God,
Are they lost in unspeakable splendor?

Do they never look back and regret—
Ah! the valiant are faithful and tender,
And Honor can never forget!

Divine in their pitying sadness,
They grieve for their comrades of earth;
They will hear us and start into gladness,
And echo the notes of our mirth;
They will lift their white hands in a blessing
We shall know by the tear that it brings—
The rapture of friendship conressing,
With harp and the waving of wings.

In the grim and relentless upheaval,
Which blesses the world through a curse,
Still bringing the good out of evil
(The garland of peace on the hearse.)

They were shattered, consumed and forsaken,
Like the shadows that fly from the dawn—
We may never know why they were taken,
But we always shall feel they are gone.

If the wind that sighs over our prairies
No longer is solemn with melancholy,

But love with flowers and with fairies,
And sweet with the calm Sabbath bells,

If Virtue in cottage and palace
Leads Love to the bridal of Pride,
Tis because out of war's bitter chalice
Our heroes drank deeply—and died.

Ah! grand in doom-stricken glory
Than the greatest that lingers behind,
They shall live in perpetual glory

Who saved the last hope of mankind—

For their cause was the cause of the woes

That languished in slavery's night,
And the death that was pale on the faces

Has filled the whole world with its light.

To the clouds and the mountains we breathe it

To the freedom of planet and star;

Let the tempests of oceans overtake it,

Let the winds of night bear it afar—

Our oath—that till manhood shall perish

But we always shall feel they are gone.

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a helpful one to his nephew. To him Ned owed his college education and his start in life—obligations which he had accepted easily at the time, as the young are wont to accept all favors done them, but of which he felt the weight when thus reminded. His opposition to his uncle's scheme had not sprung from any deep-lying principle. The idea of marrying an heiress was no more distasteful to him than to any other man of his age; but he had experienced an instinctive repugnance to entering into a preconcerted, cold-blooded arrangement for that purpose. Now, however, seeing his uncle's real annoyance and displeasure, he said to himself, "After all, why not? I don't commit myself by simply going to the place." And after a short silence he added: "All right, sir; it's settled, then. I'll be at the Cove at the time you name, and do my best to be civil to the young lady. First of July, is it?" and he took out a note-book and made an entry of the date.

"My dear Ned," cried the older Mr. Banks, deeply gratified, "now you are behaving just as I should wish. I hope—very confidently hope—that this trip of yours may eventuate for your welfare in many ways. Nothing could be farther from my wish than to force your inclinations; but there is no harm in forming a pleasant acquaintance, Ned; there can be no harm—no possible harm."

The South Cove was looking its prettiest when Ned Banks, true to his word, alighted on the 1st of July at the door of its hotel. All the little cottages and dependencies of the large establishment shone in the brilliance of fresh paint. The grass was newly cut; the plaster vases and red-tinted firkins were filled with gay geraniums and bright-leaved plants. Beyond lay the sea, vast and blue, not with less solemn or less inscrutable for this little fringe of ornament on its border's hem. A boat, with a scarlet-shawled lady sitting in the stern, was rowing across from the green island opposite. People thronged the piazza. From a distance came the intermittent thunder of the bowling-alley. The season was fairly under way; that was evident. Ned scanned the groups on the veranda with the natural hope of seeing some acquaintance. He discovered none; but presently, from the lips of a lady near him, he heard a familiar name.

"Mr. Allibone Crosby told me so."

"Where is Mr. Crosby this afternoon?"

"Driving with those Baltimore people, I believe."

"Hello! what brings him here?" so-
liquized Ned, as he slowly strolled
toward the office.

For Allibone Crosby was a reputed suitor of Miss Lovell's—uncle Joshua's ward. It was a singular coincidence, certainly, if nothing more, that he should turn up at South Cove just then; and so Ned reflected as he went to bed, with the moon for a candle, and the boom and surge of the waves coming in through the open window. The idea of a possible rival stimulated his interest in Miss Lovell amazingly, and he made his toilet next morning with the athletic determination to "go in and win" at all hazards.

Uncle Joshua and his party were not due until the 3d, so he had a day which to look about him and elaborate a plan of campaign. Entering the breakfast-room, the first object his eyes encountered was Allibone Crosby himself, coffee-cup in hand. He greeted Ned cordially enough, but not with the astonishment at your cheek, sir, that you will pardon the expression."

"When did you get in? I heard you were expected about this time."

"Last night. How long have you been here?"

"About a week. Where have they seated you? I say Julia"—to the waitress. "Put Mr. Banks here, will you another fortnight; he might as well have her seat till she comes."

"I'll take it for to-day with pleasure, but to-morrow I expect some friends," said Ned.

"Oh!" replied Mr. Crosby, with a sort of rapid glint in his eye. "Well, sit down here now, at all events, old fellow."

The "here" indicated was a seat next but one to Crosby's own, round an angle of the table. The chair between, as well as that on the other side of Crosby, was tilted forward to indicate pre-engagement. Ned ordered his breakfast, but before it appeared two ladies entered, and advanced at once to the reserved seats.

They were so much alike as to be evidently sisters; but while one had the air and bearing of a youthful matron, the other was as unmistakably a young girl. This latter took the chair next to Ned, and Allibone Crosby, after a moment's low-voiced conversation with the older sister, leaned forward and introduced them.

"Miss Darbelle, may I introduce my friend Mr. Banks, of New York?" Then to Ned, "After breakfast I shall prolong myself to a week. This left the field free for Ned, and his intimacy with the Southern ladies grew apace. Before the final telegram arrived to announce Uncle Joshua and his belated

Both ladies bowed, Mrs. Peters leaning past Mr. Crosby, and smiling brightly as she did so; Miss Darbelle with a shy, upward look out of a pair of brown eyes.

She was a brown little thing altogether, was Ned's first reflection, for her hair, evidently all her own, and bound in a great knot at the back of her small head, was bright hazel in color, the long-lashes which shaded her eyes had a bronze-like glitter, and her skin was the richest Brunette, with a lovely pink in the cheeks like the hue of a sun-ripened peach. Even the delicate hands were brown, and the slender arched throat which rose above the dainty ruffle; and as if to enhance the effect, the dress was brown also—a pale cream, relieved with knots of chestnut-colored ribbon. The extreme finish and delicacy of every line and tint in both dress and wearer gave a piquant and striking effect to the whole, which amounted to absolute beauty, as Ned presently decided; and the impression deepened as conversation brought out a saucy glitter in the coffee-colored eyes, and smiles revealed the flash of pearl-white teeth. Miss Darbelle's voice, sweet and low, had that musical semi-southern intonation which is so charming to the unaccustomed ear. She was very easy and natural, and altogether Ned found himself so well entertained as to prolong his breakfast to an unconsciously extent. It was not till Mrs. Peters had inquired; more than once, in a tone of slight impatience, "Haven't you finished, Essie?" that at last Miss Darbelle, with a demure little salutation, rose and pushed back her chair.

Ned followed, of course. "What else was there to do in that stupid place?" he asked himself. The ladies were going to walk with Mr. Crosby, and he went too. What between the rocks and the beaches, hours sped rapidly away. There was a row in the afternoon, a game of tennis later, a chat on the moon-lighted piazza. We all know how such things go at a watering-place, where the business of life is simply to live and enjoy the passing moment. It was but for a day. To-morrow Uncle Joshua and his heiress would arrive to claim Ned's time and devoirs. Meantime Miss Darbelle was very pretty, and there was no harm in getting what fun he could out of this extra day. The grave business of life would be along soon enough.

As for the mutability of human plans! Next morning brought the following telegram:

"Driving with those Baltimore people, I believe."

"Delayed a few days. Stay where you are. Will write. J. BANKS."

"What can have turned up?" asked Ned of himself, but he submitted to the delay philosophically. The hotel proved very comfortable; the weather was delicious; there might easily be found a worse place to wait in than South Cove, even without Miss Lovell to add to its attractions. He telegraphed an answer: "All right; will wait," and resigned himself with happy ease to the situation.

A letter from Uncle Joshua came next. Mrs. Lovell, it seemed, had taken ill; nothing serious, but it might detain them two or three days—perhaps till Thursday. "Till Thursday," then, Ned felt himself to be off duty, and he utilized his reprieve in the manner most agreeable to himself—by seeing as much as possible of the Baltimore ladies. It's a kind of prelude to the real thing," he told himself, "keeping my hand in, so to speak, and will be all the better when the other girl comes to the fore." Ned had probably heard the adage about edged tools and the danger of playing therewith, but it did not refer to his mind just then.

Mr. Banks' flirtation with the pretty Miss Darbelle became the mild excitement of the season at the South Cove. Morning after morning the cream-brown costume was to be seen on the rocks in close proximity to Ned's suit of gray tweed or spotless duck, the afternoons saw the two together on the water, the evenings in close conversation in the dimmest and most remote corner of the long piazza. Mrs. Peters looked on without interference, tolerant, like all Southern women, of the progress and evolution of love-making in its incipient stages.

"Essie was always run after wherever she went. She knows well

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N.Y., THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

The *Deaf-Mutes' Journal* is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:

One copy, one year, - - - - - \$1.50
Globe of two months, - - - - - 1.25
If not paid within six months, - - - - - 2.00

These prices are variable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*, Mexico, Oswego Co., N.Y.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

THE INDEPENDENTS' VISIT AND GAME AT MEXICO, N.Y.

The success lately won by the Independent Base-Ball Club, deaf-mutes from Columbus, O., in some of the western cities and in several of the cities of this State, with the flattering notices of the press, produced an anxiety on the part of ourself and some others, who take an interest in baseball sporting, to witness some of their remarkable feats. Learning that the Independents, who are on a tour through several of the States, had arrived as far east as Syracuse, we sent them an invitation, accompanied with a challenge from the Ontarios, an amateur club of this place, to come to Mexico and play a game and make a pleasure visit. Both were accepted; the Independents left Syracuse Saturday evening, July 12th, by the Syracuse Northern Railroad and arrived at Union Square, four miles east of here, at 9 p.m., the same evening, where they were met by ourself and son with two teams and brought here.

A portion of the Independents attended church the following morning. In the evening a social gathering took place at our home, at which the club and other deaf-mutes were present to the number of 21. A very fine time was enjoyed by all present.

On the following morning (Monday) the Independents visited our office, and, our paper being printed that forenoon (a day earlier than usual on account of the Niagara Falls excursion), each of them took a turn at the crank. After dinner, dressed in their club suit, the Independents went to C. W. Brockway's photography and their pictures were taken in a group. They are very exact, finely executed, are very suitable for framing for wall pictures, and elsewhere in our paper are advertised for sale.

At about 3:30 that afternoon the game was called between the Independents and the Ontarios on grounds owned by Mr. Theodore Wheeler in this village. The game was well played on both sides and the Ontarios defeated by the following score:

THE GOOD WALL PICTURE.

Group photographs of the Deaf-Mute Base Ball Club (Independents), who have recently won such marked distinction in various parts of the country, are for sale at the *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*, Mexico, Oswego Co., N.Y. Send your orders early.

RE-UNION PICNIC.

The deaf-mutes of Maryland will hold a Re-Union Picnic August 14th in Grove No. 3, Drift Hill Park, Baltimore.

Dear friends, we are sending the price to the Editor of the *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*, Mexico, Oswego Co., N.Y.

Send your orders early.

DEAF AND DUMB.

THE VALUABLE MAGAZINE FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

THE RAINDROP is a monthly magazine of interesting stories for the Deaf and Dumb. Terms, one dollar a year. Send 10 cents for a specimen number. Address *The Raindrop*, Turtle Creek, Allegheny Co., Pa.

EPISCOPAL SERVICES.

Hereafter, until further notice, divine service, with preaching, will be held in the Episcopal Church of this village at the usual hour on Sunday mornings and at 7:30 Sunday evenings.

Every Friday evening prayers will be offered at 7:30, after which rehearsals will take place.

Sunday-school after morning service.

REV. A. A. BROCKWAY.

NOTES FROM PROF. JOSEPH TURNER.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., July 11, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—This letter will inform you that there was last night a service for deaf-mutes in the chapel of the deaf and dumb institution, which Superintendent Hallowell so kindly placed at the disposal of the members of the Guild. A large number of the deaf-mutes of this city took advantage of his kindness to attend divine worship in the chapel. This service was conducted by the writer according to announcement, in the presence of about forty deaf-mutes, who formed an attentive and devout congregation.

I wish I could have time to write more about my silent listeners, but I must go and see a very sick deaf-mute man before starting for New York. I feel grateful to the deaf-mutes of this city for their great kindness towards me. Yours sincerely, JOSEPH TURNER.

A Table, for those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

JULY 27th, 1879.

MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 27th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Exodus ix.

2d Lesson—Acts xx.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the seventh Sunday after Trinity.

EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 27th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Exodus x.

2d Lesson—Hebrews xii.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the seventh Sunday after Trinity.

John Kelley, a New Yorker, who was arrested in Boston for passing counterfeited \$5 bills on the National Bank of Powling, N.Y., pleaded guilty and was sentenced to the Massachusetts State Prison for two and a half years. —*Kentucky Deaf-Mute*.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent to: *The Itemizer*.

THE INDEPENDENTS have a daisy first base-man. —*Cleveland Herald*.

With the July 12th edition the *Kentucky Deaf-Mute* wound up for vacation.

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Correspondence.

Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.

THE PHILADELPHIA DEAF-MUTE EXCURSION.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., July 15, 1879.

MR. EDITOR:—As "Old Pros" would have it, the afternoon of July 11th, in Philadelphia, closed with a deluge of rain which had the effect of sending up the hearts of many deaf-mutes of this city into their throats, as well as almost drowning their hopes for fear that the proposed morrow's picnic would be a failure. The morrow came and with it came, of course, a detachment of the yesterday's clouds which completely hid the sun, the sky, and the zenith from view, and which threatened to storm down unmercifully on Philadelphia and many thousand square miles round about the city. The site of the picnic was to be at Glendowen, some miles from Philadelphia, on the Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington Railroad. But in parading Hamlet's soliloquy I thought:

To go, or not to go, that is the question:—Whether 'tis better in the mind to suffer The slings and arrows of a threatening storm; Or to take umbrellas 'gainst a sea of clouds, And, opposing, escape them?—To stay, remain At home,—and, by staying, to say we 'scape Shower baths, and consequent natural shocks That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wished. But then, to go:—Ay! perchance a bright and beautiful day With its thousand pleasures to be disclosed; 'Tis a consummation devoutly wish'd, too.

So I hurried to the railroad depot and had the pleasure of meeting quite a number of mutes of both sexes awaiting the starting of the excursion train. Just before leaving the depot gleams of sunshine, penetrating the clouds, began to buoy up our hopes, and, at last, arising to the surface of the threatening flood, we were saved from a watery grave.

Well, in due time, we arrived at Glendowen station, whence a general run was made to the grove. Much credit is due to the committee of arrangements, Messrs. J. Zeigler, Guss, Roop, and Miss Parker, for the selection of this place, for, indeed, in every respect but one, which I shall mention concerning the "lake," it is admirably adapted for picnic parties, and it is not too much to say that it beats the shores of the romantic Brandywine all hollow considered as a place for a pleasure party, where last year we enjoyed "Fox and Geese" and its many "prodigious smacks" to our hearts' content. The grove of Glendowen was secured all to ourselves. There were no hearing people beyond the few in our own company to play "owl" with our signs or to see how loud we could render Yankee Doodle in the sign-language. Besides, the grove is composed of beautiful shade trees. There were no blackberry bushes with all their horrors of thorns and green blackberries. Here and there were benches and stumps, inviting a refreshing rest, then there were tables with rusty nails to keep the ants from coming up and helping themselves to our grub, and to threaten snakes with lock-jaw if they came near. O! it was delightful; but this was not all, for there were sheltered places to which we could skedaddle at the first drop of rain, should it choose to fall, but happily it did not choose to, and towards noon the menacing clouds dispersed and left Old Sol, in all his glory, a brilliant monarch of the day. And, lastly, of the primary necessities there was the indispensable pump, which benignantly smiled at and promised our lemons as much cold water as their citric acid could afford to make lemonade. Among the secondary necessities were two signs, near a farm-house just outside the grove, which, in home-made letters, told us to "secure dinners early," and that they, the occupants of said house, had home-made pies and milk for sale." Wonder whether milk is also a culinary product. By the way, it may be well to include among the secondary necessities, a revolving machine which was originally invented to keep crying babies, both great and small, in good spirits, as well as to drain the pockets of all the five-cent pieces which the fond mammas and papas and other grown up babies, who wished a ride, could afford. The "concern" as everybody knows, was a circular chain of hobby horses and boxes revolving around a center pole at the giddy whirl of 26 times per minute. Nor is this an end to all the "modern improvements" to a picnic ground. There was a fine lawn for "base-ball"—not the kind that stirred the hearts of the learned and patriotic inhabitants of the Hub some eight or nine years ago at their jubilee but for a downright game in which "white-washing," laying goose eggs, "scientific pitching," stealing bases, running home, and then getting "out on foul" are terribly mixed up, and which as much tackle the brain of the average college man as fifty problems in Euclid. To be sure, a game of ball was not out of order during the day, and a few of the fair misses did not hesitate to try their skill in "wielding the willow" and "catching the sphere." The last, but most important, of the secondary necessities was the boating. It may seem strange that I should rate boating as a secondary pleasure to picnickers, but it is, nevertheless, true that it was so. It might have been better if the "lake" had been what the term purports it to be, but, alas! it wasn't so; it was in the form of a fish-hook—not because it wished to catch its own fish, for I would be willing to buy up all the private fish-hatching establishments in the country and present them to the Government if a single wriggling eel or a crying cat-fish could be hauled out of that

"lake" with the latest and most improved fishing tackle known to an Isaac Walton. Nor was this the worst part of it. The string of water so vulgarly denominated a lake, though it had hardly the breadth to let two row-boats pass each other without a collision; but we did not much fear being shipwrecked, for we felt sure if the cows in the neighboring fields could chase our boats from one end of the lake to the other without getting drowned (which was very probable) we might also, with the aid of a club, but without a boat, chase them back again, with a little splashing of the water and a great deal of impunity, to the place where the fun might have its beginning. Notwithstanding all the drawbacks concerning the lake it was situated in a really beautiful place, and the mutes engaged boats by the dozen, as if they were fried oysters, and we had as much fun as the breadth of the lake would allow. Late in the afternoon, when every one of the 125 picnickers appeared to form part of the crew of some little craft, there was much fun in huddling boats together in the attempt to keep cool by splashing the water in all directions, and then an attempt to withdraw the vessels from the volleys of water, which everywhere appeared to dispense rheumatism and a "thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to."

But boating and the splashing of water were not the only occupations we found during the day. It mustn't be supposed that the good old game of "Fox and Geese" was left out in the cold. Oh no; it once or twice had a warm reception, and was participated in by some of the young hearing lady friends of the mutes who had come to see what kind of a picnic we would have. An incident at the opening of a game of "Fox and Geese" which was noticed by the writer brought a broad grin on his countenance. It was this: When a goodly party of young ladies and gentlemen formed a circle one of the mute ladies observed that the hats of the ladies were in the way, and suggested that they should be taken off, which, in the twinkling of an eye, was accordingly done. A very funny but at the same time rather embarrassing incident, also happened. A young mute lady lost a gold ring, and some other mute ladies accused the hearing and speaking man who had charge of the revolving riding machine of having found it and put it into his vest pocket without returning it to the loser. Your correspondent, being a semi-mute, volunteered to be an interpreter between the two parties. The man denied having found the ring and, on being asked to let us see what he had, produced from his vest pocket the pewter pup which had once formed the handle of a cane. It is needless to say more about the affair. It can be imagined.

Only two slight mishaps occurred to our party during the day, namely, the accidental "ducking" in the lake of a small child and a boy. Rev. John Chamberlain, of New York, attended our picnic, and, in the afternoon, delivered quite a sermon on ten minutes' duration.

At 8:25 p. m. we proceeded to the Glendowen station and took the train for the Quaker City, where we soon arrived. Thus the picnic of the Philadelphia Deaf-Mute Association ended at 9 p. m.

J. T. E.

THE OLD NORTH STATE FA- VOR OF A CONVENTION.

TANRORO, N. C., July 13, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Though much reluctant, for several reasons best known to myself, I am encouraged to respond to the unanimous voices from different parts of this, our vast Republic on the subject of a national convention of the deaf and dumb, a subject fraught with much interest to us all. Let the preliminaries necessary to the opening of the convention be put in permanent form for future reference. Blaze forth the plans, etc., on the house-top and ventilate them in your columns for a while before the inauguration of the would-be important era in our own history.

We, the southern mutes, will approve whatever you have said and may say in reference to the convention, relying on your common sense and altogether ignoring the sectional feelings between us and the night-mare of the late war. Let us live in brotherly unity, as of yore, and aim at our common welfare. May God, in His inscrutable wisdom, bring out the plans to a successful issue. Work, work, work, dear brethren, and remember that "God helps them that help themselves."

H. C. TRIPP.

NOT OF THE "SELLING OUT" KIND.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I noticed in your issue of June 26th an article headed "Ernestine," signed "C.N." in which he says the Boston *Herald* reported foul play in the match between me and Gerry, and in consequence many of the Boston mutes take it to mean that I sold out. It is true that I left the amateurs, as I had a right to do so long as I did it honorably. I wish you would be so kind as to give this a place in your paper, and also copy the piece cut from the Boston *Herald*. In no match, either as an amateur or professional, have I directly or indirectly made any arrangements with any person whereby anything but a fair race could be had. The report of the *Herald* to which "C.N." refers was the account given of the match at Monument Hall, and not at Armory Hall, My dear friend, Isaac A. Blanchard, of this city, feels grieved because the Boston deaf-mutes think he wrote the "C.N." article. He disclaims any knowledge of the piece or its author.

Yours truly,
EDWIN W. FRISBIE
Charlestown, Mass., July 18, 1879.

THE AMENDE HONORABLE.

Our editor having made a full exposition of the shaky arguments advanced by the irrepressible Mr. G. E. Fischer in behalf of a new paper, and shown him, by the unanswerable logic of facts, how futile and foolish it would be for him to undertake to start one, I need say no more on that subject, but as my opponent seems sore and labors under a misunderstanding concerning certain terms used in my first article, and demands the *amende honorable*, I cheerfully accede to that demand, although he is personally as entirely unknown to me as I am to him. I never saw him and never even heard of him since his name came up as the would-be editor of a paper to be started here in New England. In fact the gentleman is to me as much of a stranger as "the man in the moon," and perchance, were fate to bring us two together, we might possibly find there was between us none of that "divine afflatus" which unites two souls in bonds of congenital harmony; for it seems that the gentleman from Damariscotta is visionary—given to impracticable projects and imaginary hallucinations, while I am wholly matter-of-fact, and always prefer a "bird in the hand to two in the bush," which largely accounts for my present content with the JOURNAL.

I only hope the well-educated mutes will keep watch of poorly-educated mutes. Goodell never meddles with the well-educated mutes. I had the JOURNAL sent me just five days before the suit was commenced. It was read aloud before a crowd. It proved hard on Goodell's rascality in the East some years since.

I am sorry that I was absent while Rev. A. W. Mann was at Des Moines preaching, and hope he will call again. If so I shall try to make it an interesting affair and try to have more mutes present. Probably fifteen of the mutes that I know will be able to come. He will please let me know in time so that I may send word to those mutes.

CLOSING EXERCISES OF ST. JOSEPH'S INSTITUTE.

DEAR JOURNAL:—The closing exercises of the St. Joseph's Institution for the Improved Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at Brooklyn, N. Y., took place on Thursday, June 26th, before a select audience, composed of the parents and a few invited guests. Several of the Catholic clergy, who seemed to be known and beloved by the very youngest of the pupils, took an active part in the exercises and heartily enjoyed the evident progress of the pupils. The exercises took place in the school-room, the walls of which were covered with ferns, charts, and emblematic characters.

Goodell also succeeded in getting an order on Wm. Huffman for \$3.75. Goodell went and collected the full amount. His pretense was to collect it for Wm. Huffman, but the whole amount has been lost. Afterwards Goodell made his way west 25 miles from Des Moines, and stopped with Mrs. Machen, whose sister is deaf. There he succeeded in stealing \$500 from Mrs. Machen, her husband being at the Colorado mines, getting \$90 a month. He is a well-to-do farmer. Goodell's wife went up stairs while Goodell was preparing his team to start. She stole some valuable clothes and packed them in her valise. Coming down stairs, her face was as white as a ghost. She went out and both made their way towards Omaha, 90 miles west, before Mrs. Machen suspected that anything was missed.

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Yours etc.,
John BRINGER.

THE SCHOOL FOR DAUGHTERS.

A Play in Three Acts.

AGNES, an old Cottager, - Miss B. McCUE.
JENNY, her Granddaughter, - R. L. LACKAS.
ELENEA, a Stranger, - A. HUGHES.
FANNY, a girl, - M. G. HAYDEN.
MISS HOWARD, a young West Indian Heiress, Miss H. McNAMARA.
SAMBO, a black girl, her attendant, Miss F. WELCH.

LUCRETIA, a Cousin of Miss Mrs. WOODVILLE, a widow lady of wealth and charitable feelings, Miss L. WOODS.

Mrs. FRIENDLY, on a visit to Mrs. Woodville, - Miss L. LAFFERTY.

AUGUSTA, daughters of Mrs. K. O'RIELLY.

JEMIMA, Woodville, - M. LOWRY.

VILLAGE GIRLS, Miss K. McCANDLESS.

FARM SERVANTS, Miss M. DONNEL.

FARM SERVANTS, Miss K. COLGAN.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO MUTES, Misses M. McCORMACK and L. GARDNER.

SACRED HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY, FIRST and SECOND CLASSES.

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER—a Dialogue, Misses M. LOWRY and L. LAFFERTY.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO MUTES, Misses M. McCORMACK and L. GARDNER.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

A PENNSYLVANIAN'S VIEWS OF THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., July 14, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—As you have the credit of being the first to take a decided step in the matter in regard to the national deaf-mute convention of 1880, I wish to encourage you, and express my opinion in reference to it. I am very glad to see that Mr. Henry White has presented some good reasons in relation to the convention, and I endorse his opinions of the necessity of forming a committee on arrangements, consisting of those deaf-mutes in whose sagacity and judgment the majority may have full confidence, and of granting them the authority to choose the place where a convention is to be held.

The subject seems to compel me to express my opinion as to how such a committee is to be formed. I move for a committee of arrangements consisting of three or five intelligent, conscientious gentlemen from each State and Territory and also the District of Columbia, who shall be elected by a majority vote of those deaf-mutes who live in each said quarter. After such a committee has been chosen let them "reason together" and choose the place of holding the convention. Before choosing the committee you, or those who take an interest in organizing the convention, should inform several gentlemen in each said part that they should give the information to the deaf-mutes thereof upon the subject in order to be ready for taking a vote. Then when three or five candidates have been chosen, their names should be made known to us through the JOURNAL. However, the committee should not be guided by their own preference in choosing a place of meeting, but they should select a place for its meeting, convenient as possible, so that any other deaf-mutes, who desire, may have the chance to attend the convention. This is my own suggestion, and I here present it for your readers' consideration.

I talked with Mr. John D. Zeigler, of Philadelphia, upon the subject lately. He wants me to tell you what he says about the convention. He says that he seconds Mr. White's opinions; that he is in favor of organizing and holding a convention next year, and that it is necessary for us to be mixed in society, composed of deaf-mutes from different parts of the Union, so as to improve our personal condition. I am, however, sorry to say that I have not asked the rest in Philadelphia about it, but I trust that several intelligent gentlemen thereof will say that they are in favor of holding the convention next year.

I am, personally, in favor of holding the convention in the month of August, 1880, which will be the most suitable time as there are no other deaf-mute conventions to be held next year. The determination seems to be crystallized in my mind that there should be a national convention to be held every two years. Our work of education, national in its spirit and earnest in its character, has been pursued in various institutions more than half a century because it was seen that the safety of the deaf-mutes from the slavery of ignorance required it; and why should we not hold conventions for consideration and personal opinions or views? In this respect the organization may be as good a model as can be found. I hope that something will be accomplished in this direction by judicious efforts. I trust that the enterprise will prove a success, and, under the guidance of Providence, be encouraged and fulfilled. I request your readers to consider the subject, and I wish to know what they say.

A SUBSCRIBER.

PROFESSOR JOB TURNER'S SERVICES.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—On the evening of July 7th Professor Job Turner held divine service in St. John's Church, Rev. H. W. Spalding, D. D., rector, for deaf-mutes and delivered a sermon in a very interesting manner. Dr. Spalding interpreted for the benefit of the speaking portion of the congregation, and Professor Turner spoke through signs as easily as he could have read it.

The number of mutes present was sixteen and there was a large speaking audience. The attendance at the service was larger than ever before. Among the mutes was a lady of fine acquirements by the name of Miss Laura Leiby from Wrightsville, Pa.

After the services Professor Turner had a very agreeable chat with his silent friends, by whom he is greatly beloved.

We had a very agreeable visit from R. M. Zeigler and J. M. Kohler, college students. They are, no doubt, enjoying their vacation. That they may be successful in their studies is the wish of many friends here.

Yours respectfully,

Sinus.

York, Pa., July 14, 1879.

■■■ A man at Lewiston, Me., undertook to eat 100 mince turnovers in 100 hours, but gave up at the 67th and nearly died of indigestion.

A very severe storm recently occurred in the interior and eastern portions of Ohio, producing extensive damage and causing loss of life.

The receipts of the Grand Trunk Railroad for the week ending July 5th were \$152,410, against \$143,514 for the corresponding period of last year, an increase of \$9,336.

SUNDAY READING.

EVENING PRAYER.

I come to Thee to-night,
In my lone closet where no eyes can see,
And dare to crave an interview with Thee,
Father of love and light.

Softly the moonbeams shine,
On the still branches of the shadowy trees,
While all sweet murmurings of the evening breeze
Steal through the slumbering vine.

Thou gavest the calm repose
That rests on all—the air, the birds, the flowers,
The human heart forgets its weary hours,
Now at the bright day's close.

Tis nature's time for prayer;
The silent praises of the glorious sky,
The calm earth's orisons profound and high,
To heaven their blessings bear.

With them my soul would bend
In humble reverence at Thy holy throne,
Trusting the merits of the Son alone
Thy sceptre to extend.

If I this day have striven
With Thy blessed Spirit, or have bowed the knee,
To aught of earth, in weak idolatry,
I pray to be forgiven.

If in my heart has been
An unforseen thought or word or look,
Though deep the malice which I scarce could
brook,
Wash me from the dark sin.

If I have turned away
From grief or suffering which I might relieve,
Careless the cup of water e'en to give,
Forgive me, Lord, I pray.

And teach me how to feel
My sinful wanderings with deeper smart,
And more of mercy and of grace impart,
My sinfulness to heal.

Father! my soul would be
Pare as the drops of eve's unsealed dew;
And as the stars whose nightly course is true,
So wold I be to Thee.

Not for myself alone
Would I these blessings of Thy love implore,
But for each penitent the wide world o'er,
Whom thou hast called Thine own,

And for my heart's best friends,
Whose steadfast kindness o'er my painful years
Has watched to soothe afflictions, griefs and tears,
My warmest prayer ascends.

Should o'er their path decline
The light of gladness, or of hope or health,
Be Thou their solace, and their joy and wealth,
As Thou hast long been mine.

And now, O Father, take
The heart, I cast with humble faith on Thee,
And cleanse its depths from each impurity,
For my Redeemer's sake.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

A MIDSUMMER twilight! Softly, restfully night gathers around us at the close of the long day, and with bowed heads we wait its benediction. All unseen the dew drops are falling on waiting tree and plant, as falls God's love into our lives. Birds have sung their sweet "good-night," and are resting, save as, now and then, some lone chirps for its mate, or an anxious mother croons over her nestlings. Workmen go gladly home to wives and little ones, and everywhere there is rest and peace. Gladly, gratefully we welcome the night, for we work and are tired. Let us drink deeply at the fountain of sleep, that the morn may find us refreshed for the work it will bring. One watcheth over us with sleepless eye; we need not fear.

Twilight! how hushed and holy the atmosphere! Methinks angels are nearer us now than in the busy day, and but little fancy is needed to make angels' songs of the "music in stillness heard only at night." When the mind rests with a consciousness of duty done, and the heart is filled with love and good-will, twilight meditations are ever sweet and peaceful. Then we can realize, as often we can not, through the labor-laden day, how near is Heaven, how thin the veil which shuts us from our loved ones "gone before." God speaks more consciously to the thoughtful mind and stilled heart in the hush of twilight. Well for us if no whisper of condemnation comes through the stillness; well for us if our thoughts and purposes have been pure and good, and the day has been filled with loving service. Each day brings its little crosses and trials, its mistakes, but how trivial and unimportant they seem when we look back. Yet not unimportant, for are not the little trials, the little crosses, alike, with the greater ones, sent for some wise and loving purpose? Is it not wise in us to try and know the import of each one? Our best blessings often come in the guise of misfortunes. Some day, sooner or later, we shall know all things for what they truly are, and all doubts and misgivings, all disappointments and failures, will be done away with. Until then, let us work in the faith which fears no evil, for God is over all.

EARNEST.

SPINACH A LA MODE.—This is the way French cooks prepare spinach for the table. Gather the spinach just before you want to prepare for cooking. Strip the leaves from the thick center and boil them in plenty of water. Strain through a colander, pressing all the water out. Season with pepper and salt, add a little cream and butter and put back in a saucepan and keep hot until time to serve for the table. Garnish with slices of hard-boiled eggs.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Take a little over a quart of warm water, one half cup brown sugar or molasses, one-fourth cup hop yeast, and one and a half teaspoons salt; thicken the water with unbolted flour to a thin batter; add sugar, salt and yeast, and stir in more flour until quite stiff. In the morning add a small teaspoon soda, and flour enough to make the batter as stiff as can be stirred with a spoon; put it into pans and let rise again; then bake in even oven, not too hot at first; keep warm while rising; smooth over the loaves with a spoon or knife dipped in water.

CHRISTIANITY is being like-minded with Christ; considering him our sanctification as well as our redemption.

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SELECTED RECIPES.

DOUGHNUTS.—One pint of sour milk, one teaspoon of soda, two of cream tartar, one cup of sugar, two eggs.

FRIED BANANAS.—Peel and slice the bananas, sprinkle with salt, dip in thin batter, and fry in butter. Serve immediately.

TO MAKE HARD SOAP FROM SOFT.—Take seven pounds of good soft soap, four pounds of sal-soda, two ounces borax, one ounce hartshorn, one-half pound rosin, to be dissolved in twenty-two quarts of water, and boiled about twenty minutes.

SOUTHERN FRIED LETTUCE.—Chop lettuce and tops of two onions very fine, and add two well beaten eggs; put a little sweet oil or butter in a hot frying pan, pour in the well beaten mixture, turn after a few moments, and serve with or without vinegar.

SPONGE PUDDING.—One pint of milk, one cup of flour, one tablespoonful sugar; six eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately. Heat the milk, then stir in flour and butter until it thickens. When you take it off the stove add sugar and yolks. Bake until done. Serve with a rich sauce.

SALAD DRESSING.—One tablespoonful of flour, two raw eggs, one cup of water, one-half cup of vinegar, mustard, salt and pepper to taste. Beat the eggs well; mix the other ingredients, and stir into them. Warm them over a boiling kettle adding a tablespoonful of butter. Stir constantly until it thickens and then cool quickly.

GREEN PEAS.—Wash lightly two quarts of shelled peas, put into boiling water enough to cover, boil twenty minutes, add pepper, salt and more hot water to prevent them from burning, and two tablespoons of butter rubbed into two of flour, stir well, and boil five minutes. If pods are clean and fresh, boil first in water; to give flavor skin out and put in peas.

FRIED CUCUMBERS.—Pare and soak in cold water half an hour; then cut them lengthwise into very thick slices, throw them into ice water, and after they have remained ten minutes take them out and wipe each slice dry with a cloth. Sprinkle with pepper and salt, roll in flour, and fry to a light brown in butter or lard. This is the best way of cooking cucumbers, and prepared thus they are far more wholesome than when raw.

EGGS AND ASPARAGUS.—Cut tender asparagus into pieces half an inch long, and boil twenty minutes, then drain and fill with a saucepan containing a cup full of rich drawn butter; heat together to a boil, season with pepper and salt, and pour into a buttered dish. Break half dozen eggs over the surface, put a bit of butter upon each, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and put in the oven until the eggs are set.

FRIED NEW POTATOES.—Take small ones, wash and scrape, put them in a saucepan of cold water, bring them to a boil, drain, wipe with a clean cloth. Put potatoes and two tablespoons butter in the frying pan and cook twenty minutes, watch them, and when they commence to brown turn them occasionally so as to brown alike on all sides. Then strain off the butter, sprinkle with salt and serve in a hot dish.

HONEY-CHURN PUDDING.—To one pint of molasses add one cup of brown sugar; heat them well together. Melt a piece of butter the size of an egg in a tea-cup of milk; add one tablespoonful of sal-soda and pour it into the molasses. Beat the whites of six eggs to a stiff froth; add the yolks to the molasses; stir in one tea-cup of flour; add a little mace and cloves. Stir in the whites and bake one hour in a moderate oven. Serve with a rich sauce.

CREAM FRUIT PIE.—Make a pie of fresh, canned or jam strawberries, raspberries, or peaches. One cup new milk or cream; one-half teaspoonful corn starch, dissolved in a little cold milk; one tablespoonful of sugar; whites of two eggs, beaten to a stiff froth. Boil three minutes. When quite cold take top crust from the pie, pour on the mixture, replace the crust, sprinkle with powdered sugar, and set away to cool. Very nice.

BAVARIAN CREAM WITH STRAWBERRIES.—Squeeze through a colander two and a half pounds of strawberries and add one and three-quarters tea cups of sugar. When dissolved, add one-half a box of gelatin which has been placed for one or two hours in a little water near the fire. Put the mixture on ice, stir till smooth, and when it begins to set stir in a pint of cream whipped; put in mold or molds. Serve on dish and surround with fresh berries.

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SPINACH A LA MODE.—This is the way French cooks prepare spinach for the table. Gather the spinach just before you want to prepare for cooking. Strip the leaves from the thick center and boil them in plenty of water. Strain through a colander, pressing all the water out. Season with pepper and salt, add a little cream and butter and put back in a saucepan and keep hot until time to serve for the table. Garnish with slices of hard-boiled eggs.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Take a little over a quart of warm water, one half cup brown sugar or molasses, one-fourth cup hop yeast, and one and a half teaspoons salt; thicken the water with unbolted flour to a thin batter; add sugar, salt and yeast, and stir in more flour until quite stiff. In the morning add a small teaspoon soda, and flour enough to make the batter as stiff as can be stirred with a spoon; put it into pans and let rise again; then bake in even oven, not too hot at first; keep warm while rising; smooth over the loaves with a spoon or knife dipped in water.

CHRISTIANITY is being like-minded with Christ; considering him our sanctification as well as our redemption.

The receipts of the Grand Trunk Railroad for the week ending July 5th were \$152,410, against \$143,514 for the corresponding period of last year, an increase of \$9,336.

ENTERTAINMENT BY THE DEAF-MUTE SCHOOL AT ERIC, PA.

ASTONISHING RESULTS OF ARTICULATION—TEACHING THE CHILDREN IN TABLEAUX.

"And the dumb speak." So said men of old, nearly 2,000 years ago, when by Divine power they who were mutes from birth were made to articulate their native tongue. Such a thing was a miracle in those days, and on until a few years ago the idea of teaching mutes to overcome their infirmity and utter articulate and intelligible sounds was scoffed as a thing impossible. The establishment of articulation schools has in a few years broken down the conviction of centuries, and now in 1879 no one with a sound mind need be dumb.

The deaf-mute department school in Erie, Pa., has loosened the tongues of many who would otherwise have remained silent through life. Last evening the department in its closing exercises gave an exhibition, consisting of tableaux, &c., to a large audience in the High School. Previous to the tableaux Miss Mary Welsh, the indefatigable instructor of the department, gave an exhibition of the method of teaching. On a black-board was written the following vowels and vowel combinations, o, oo, on, ow, e, i, u, o, ai, er, ir. These sounds are learned by the mute pupils watching the teacher's lips and in feeling with their hands the vibrations in her throat and chest. The vocal and unvoiced sounds are obtained with the assistance of the hand to the chest, mouth, throat, and nose. The department is divided into two classes, junior and senior. The junior class was exercised first. The large room was full of spectators, but not a sound was heard as these little ones stood up to speak their pieces. They first articulated the vowel sounds, and then by building up letter upon letter they formed words and sentences with remarkable clearness. Each child took his turn at the black-board and wrote from Miss Welsh's dictation. Being stone deaf, it was impossible for them to hear her, but their sharp eyes, watching every motion of her face, and catching the slightest movement of her lips, mouth or throat, were enabled to interpret the sentences before they were uttered. The black-board exercises differed from those of scholars of the same age and in full possession of all their faculties, in that the writing, spelling and grammar were much superior. One little fellow—Obie Cohen—had to be placed on Webster's unbridged to reach the board.

The senior class showed greater developments in speech. Questions relating to the city, State and country were asked and answered with astonishing clearness. A casual observer not knowing the condition of the pupils might have mistaken them for young people taking their first lessons in an elocution class, so distinct and deliberately was each syllable pronounced.

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THE OHIO VALLEY DEAF-MUTES' FOURTH ANNUAL PICNIC.

Editor Journal.—June 15th there was quite a number of the society members and visitors in attendance to hear Professor Carroll's address at their rooms. All are very well pleased so far with our young society in Minneapolis.

It is said that Superintendent J. L. Noyes, of the Minnesota Institution, will perhaps not go to Europe this summer on account of his ill-health. He and his family went to Duluth to take a good trip east for pleasure in some elegant steamboat two weeks ago. We hope they will have a good time in the Yankee States visiting before they return home next September.

The wood train going east on the morning of June 23rd killed a deaf and dumb man named Horace Hastings on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad track just east of Waukesha in this State. He was taken to Lake City, below Waukesha, where the coroner held an inquest. The jury gave a verdict exonerating the railroad company and employees from all blame. Who was this unfortunate man?

James H. McMechen, lately of Wheeling, W. Va., now of Fort Madison, Ia., was in St. Paul selling books. He left for Minneapolis on the 4th of July to join our picnic at Lake Calhoun. He is well known as "Water Soapy Hansie." He said he was going to marry a wealthy deaf-mute lady, where he lives now, next Christmas. Her name is Miss Snok.

We, of the Minnesota Deaf-Mute Association, all went to Lake Calhoun instead of Lake Manitoba, as mentioned in the columns of your paper a few weeks ago. The dinner was elegant and rich. All were happy, and all enjoyed croquet. One of the boys won a prize, a croquet set, and presented it to Mrs. Cassius Scofield, of Cannon Falls. All passed quietly and happily. Lake Calhoun is a beautiful place for visitors, being surrounded very nicely by trees.

Mr. and Mrs. Scofield have been in Minneapolis visiting their friends for a few days. They went home July 8th.

Abe Hughes and family, of Minneapolis, will move to their homestead next November in Todd county in this State. He says some homesteads could be secured by deaf-mutes near his if wanted. Mr. Hughes paid \$20 for his homestead of 160 acres.

Frank S. Hutson, of Janesville, Wis., who has been at work in a cooper shop in Minneapolis for the past few months, has been compelled to quit coopership on account of his nose bleeding all the time.